

"The Parable of the Gift"

Personal; History of the Author

When I first got to Regina in winter 1990, I lived in a little house on Elliot Street. It was a good mile away from the public library, just off Victoria Ave. - a main road, running east-west past Victoria Park, downtown central. The library was on the far side of the park - the west side - and I'd grown accustomed to sitting with the dead soldiers at the cenotaph, sharing a smoke... or a drink... rain, snow, or shine.

I was involved in the arts scene - being a member of two art galleries: Neutral Ground collective and The Bridge Art Gallery, an art's co-operative. I was popular and my work sold. My work had also been mentioned in the *PrairieDog* - a local zine. My *Charlie the Messiah Manson* piece even making their cover. I can see their aghast in the piece, now, but then it amused me. My statement was that "anything passed as art and anyone could be an artist."

Recent performance art pieces had turned me right off of the idea of being an artist: one piece involved dumping a bucket of pig's blood on the gallery floor and mopping it up with a wedding dress - her boyfriend masturbated into the bucket of pig's blood - and another weirdo who made a dress out of meat - **Vanitas: Flesh Dress for an Albino Anorectic** (1987) is an artwork created by Canadian Jana Sterba - a supposed a contrast between vanity and bodily decomposition - most famous showing was at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa, where it attracted national controversy; in another Canada Arts Board winner was nothing less than two fags pissing in each others mouth on stage. *Degeneracy in art is not art.* Art is supposed to be beautiful and uplifting. Anyone can be ugly and stupid - but there aren't enough laws for crimes against art to be enforced... so the fucking liberal agenda rules unopposed and queerness is the order of the day.

I got into a lot of trouble one night, at **David Johnson's Stained Art Glass Gallery studio opening**. I'd shown up with **Jerome Leboeuf** and **Sean McMMain**. Jerome had been my neighbour upstairs of our brownstone apartment building, but he'd recently taken a flat in the basement / ground-level. He had recently returned from a gawd-awful trip to England.

I was working on a series of paintings with trapezoidal edges called *Latexperiments* - because I was experimenting with latex paint. **Ryan Arnot** bought one once. My room would oft stink of latex paint because of my artwork... and Leboeuf complained that he could smell it in the hall. That's the way he was - smile in your face and stab you in the back.

Sean was an artist - and he worked at the local juvenile detention center as a guard. I felt sorry for the bad kids... because he was such a square. Sean ended up hanging himself - poor lonely guy - his wife was a real bitch. Boosh found him.

Anyhow, I was precariously leaning against a long table - those with the legs that fold up underneath - when along comes **Prof. Art McKay**, of all people. Now let me tell you a little bit about him. For a starter he was involved with the top secret FBI LSD-testing done at the University of Regina in the 1950s. Cool, huh!

He was a painter. When he died they founds hundreds of paintings in his place. I feel sorry for his heirs... its such a lot of work to care for so many paintings much less find homes for them. The same thing happened to my Uncle **Julian North**, in Ladysmith - the town took over responsibility for his artwork out of gratitude for his contributions to their society - I believe he organized the first local food bank there-at.

So, I'm setting quite balanced like on this table, leaning against it more than sitting on it, and Art McKay, who I'd been talking to about some of my controversial opinions on art - me being intolerant of Liberalism as an excuse for perversion in the arts - turned and set himself down upon the table, too, knocking it awry... me falling in a heap... and all the food-and-drink there upon it falling down with me.

People came at me from all sides - everyone was upset with me for having knocked the tale over... and I was hustled outside... evicted by an angry mob. The door was slammed shut behind me!

I was on acid. One of the "cool" artists sold me some earlier. I didn't much like the "cool" artists or their friends, but I like acid well enough. Before all this bad shit happened, I'd been sitting in the stairwell

chatting up a lesbian feminist. I expressed my contrary opinions and did not make a friend in her. She must have been popular for so many people to dislike me all at once.

I banged on the back door with a two-by-four club I'd found by the train tracks behind the place. The door finally opened and I almost hit some poor fool in the noggin with my club. So, this action did not incline the mob to appreciate me - me foolishly calling for my friends in thinking that they might want to leave with me (as we came together to party there-at as a group).

Five-or-six of the "cool" artists and their friends took me in a huff out a ways down the tracks and laid a wailing on me. Then they left me. I got it through my head that my friends didn't want to leave with me... and walked off into the cold dark night... south down Broad St. - a main drag running north-south - then cutting along the tracks into Cathedral area - across Albert St., running parallel to Broad on the other side of downtown.

I went into the back yard of the "cool" artist's pad and winged a huge brick through an upstairs window - purposely aiming at and smashing a big glass jar with a pickled pig's fetus in it which the "cool" artist prized.

I smashed another huge brick through Jerome Leboef's window in our apartment building - taking out the wooden crossbeams and not just the glass.

My Dad found out while regularly grilling me about my activities - me being bruised from my battering - and he involved the police. I learned then that they were considering charging me... Johnson claiming that I'd smashed a bunch of stained glass... which I had not. That was the end of that.

I was ostracized by the artists - good and bad alike. It didn't take no time at all for my Dad to land my ass in one of his cabs... which is what he wanted in the first place, bringing me to Regina as he'd done.

ii

The old man was always getting involved in my life and taking control of what I was doing. When I was first getting stoned on acid back in the late-seventies, about 1977-78 - I forget - he found out, wrapped my up in a comfortable blanket and hurriedly drove me to St. Paul's Hospital (Saskatoon) Emergency.

I use to do a lot of acid back in the day. I'd do about five tabs at a time... or more. I usually mixed this in with liberally drinking alcohol and smoking as much grass as I could lay my hands on. Grass wasn't easy to find then... but you could get three glasses of draft beer for a buck in the bar back then. A pack of smokes - or pouch of Drum rolling tobacco was only a couple of dollars - and you could order American and European brands at that time. Bugler tobacco is my favorite.

I've trained me so that once I begin drinking - that's that - I put all thoughts of women out of my mind. I've had nothing but bad luck and bad experiences mixing the two in the past... and I aint no dummy! I learned from my mistakes and don't repeat them... as a general rule and a rigid fixed law and a fact of life if I'm drinking I don't womanize.

I was involved with **Susan Davidson** for awhile. But that was before moving to Regina - and is another story. She had been part of the art's crowd in Saskatoon when I first met her. I'd had no luck with other art chicks - but then I was drinking a lot and didn't put out feelers or mislead any chicks. Its got everything to do with being ostracized by my peers back at **St. Mary's Catholic School** - what a hellhole for me - a war zone But I wasn't drinking when I met Susan.

I was working with **Clark Nikolai** on his film **Subkonscio Redukta Tricikla**. I helped him write the script and acted the lead role - **Jibb Globzag**. The film was about a man whose circumstances turned against him and him having to learn to deal with his prejudices. It was produced as a VHS video by Clark and released at a screening at the People's Video Center in Saskatoon - the old Video Vérité - in 1998.

Later, Susan and I tried to live together in Victoria (BC) about this time. She was a vegetarian... but I was not. I liked hamburgers and would sneak them in when I could. I never really loved her - and don't recollect ever telling her that I was. Today, though, I hold her in higher esteem. We had a terrible battle one evening - a row which ended with me throwing her out of my apartment in the middle fo the night. Neither of us had

made any friends, yet... so it must have been a hardship for her. Still, she managed to survive well-enough. Very kind and forgiving by nature, she came knocking on my door... but I was afraid to answer.

iii

Driving taxicab for my father had been a very bad experience for me, too. I became as dark and shady a character as those men and women which surrounded me - which made up my world. I had long ago began to think of myself as no better than the whores I tried to better - once tricked by the trollops. Not even the cops spent as much time trolling the mean streets of Regina - especially in the wee hours of the morning. A lot of devilishness took place during this dark witching hour.

The one lesson that I learned driving hack was that the **Golden Law** ruled true. **He who has the gold makes the rules.** I can't count the number of times I had to physically fight people for a handful of loose change. But I was use to fighting Indians. You'd almost never have a problem with one, or two, Indians... but get three-or-more of them together and "holey fucking cowboy," look out.

When I grew up there were White men, Indians and tipi-creepers - the White men lived on the other side of the river - the east side; I lived on the west side of the river, and grew up on the wrong side of the tracks. The tipi-creepers prostituted the young First Nations girls from time immemorial. Both my father **Jay** and step-father **Gordon** were one of these men... and, I'm sorry to say, I became one like unto them whence too long behind the wheel of my cab.

I don't want to get into it - but it was a big deal. My father was an important man in the taxicab industry - and was making appearances at City Hall and the Police Department and in the courts, and in the news - all the time - and was making waves and changes... but people don't like waves and changes, do they! He had a lot of people working against him and he couldn't really rely upon anyone to do anything but, as all leaders learn, **people fuck up everything they hear and begin doing what they think you told them to do... and not what you told them to do.**

And then there are the all-out thieves and liars and back-stabbing betrayers of good faith and trust: The **professionals** and the **amateurs** - those who couldn't make a buck driving taxicab if they tried because they weren't corrupt - or were feeble-minded in some way or another - trusting victims who didn't last long and weren't good for anything and used for all they had to give. Not to forget the **deadbeats** who drag their ass, complain, and sop up all the cream and gravy.

I was never fully either a professional or an amateur - neither ever one-or-t'other - but I was never a deadbeat. Your kind of scraping the bottom of the barrel when you have to work with this kind of driver. **Ron McLeod**, who lefty me with an empty tank of gas after sucking up all the money on one News Years Night... and **Dave Amiot**, who passed him off as a born again Christian (being involved with a fanatical family of televangelicals). Both of them were bold face liars and thieves - and why my father had to put up with such bullshit I'll never know. Even **Farmer**, who the old man relied upon, was fucked up. Then there were people like **Cam "Wingnut" Jacks** who had a slimy handshake and a sex video involving animals... and he was trusted with my school runs after my father started his own company: **Care Cabs**. But cab drivers, especially the shitskin pakj towelheads - these are the worst - are all whores, who like actors and politicians, will say and do anything for a buck.

Ian McLean was a good fellow. So was **Bob Shaw**. Hard working, loyal and trustworthy guys like **Rick Gosselin** were few and far between. Its too bad for my Dad - he worked hard to better the industry and met with nothing but hardheaded opposition and jealousy. He'd probably be rolling in his grave having just missed out on Uber ride-sharing. He would have jumped all over that outfit and done very well for himself. If he'd been a family man to begin with his life would have been better - but he was nothing but a drunken womanizer... and everyone around him suffered for it.

iv

I met **Aaron Walker** about 1995. I thought him a friend. He wasn't.

One night I got stoned on a couple of tabs of acid and showed up at his place in the **Roachcrest** on Rose St. with a pocket full of weed - about three grams - and a dozen cold beers. The asshole wanted some acid, too, so I paid for a cab and we went back to the dealer's to pick him up some - my treat - because I'm a good guy and don't want to party alone if I don't got too - I mean, after all, what are friends for? Once we got there, I crack the case and shared out the beers... and whack - upside the head with a bottle...

The asshole dealer whacked me a good one - and I was tripping on acid. Fuck. They wanted my weed. Had they known that I had two one thousand dollar bills in my other pocket they'd have wanted that too, I reckon. I'd of had to have fought harder then... but as it was, all I wanted was my boots - which I'd made the mistake of taking off at the bottom of the steps after coming in - out of civil courtesy.

The dealer and his buddy kept calling me on and jumping all over me - pushing and punching and pulling me - so I say fuck my boots - even though its ice cold outside. I stumble upstairs while all this is going on and fall into a snowbank. The dealer had come up behind me and pushed me - now he was on top of me, shaking a fist in my face and demanding my dope - so I give it up. Happy - he leaves me alone... his buddy hucks me my boots... and my friend Aaron Walker just looks at me, his head still poking out of the door watching me long after the other two had gone back in. And then he pulled his head in and closed the door behind him. I can't understand that. Did he share in smoking "my dope" and drinking "my beers"? or did he just bitch for them? In any event, he is a traitor.

I put my boots on and washed the blood off my face and out of my eye with snow and stumbled around in the cold dark unfamiliar territory until I came upon a 7-11.

Thus - my Dad found out that I was banged up. because, of course, its one of his **Care Cabs** which I called for. I was brought home to the office - with me living in the basement - and the old man troubles and involves himself - yet again. So, its off to the hospital we go.

I got a few stitches for where the bottle hit me in the eye... and that was that.

End of story.

Not quite. Walker is plumb evil and plays decisive roles in a further fuck up which will haunt me until the day I die. **The Beastor Affair** - in which I am accused of diddling a naked girl who was passed on Yabut's marital bed, whilst Yabut was passed out in a chair not ten feet away in the living room. I slept with my nephew Andrew that night - and in the morning I went away without trouble - infer.

v

The reason I'm lame also belongs to my father's controlling influence. **KFC Kevin** and **Ken Devitt** showed up at my little place on Elliot street one night. They'd driven down from Stoontown to get me drunk. We had a good time, too. We went kind of wild, I guess, because we ended up at **Aunty Janette's** - that is my step-father Gordon's older half-sister. She was a wild one - mostly Indian. Her kids were Indians, too: There was Wayne, Wanda, Warren and Wilma. Wanda was truly a wicked girrrl.

Wayne had made himself at home in my place in the past - so... I welcomed us to their place. Anyhow, the LBS (liquor Board Store) was right across the street... and we made several trips to-and-from this particular LBS on this particular morning. that we were welcome This is the last place I saw my **skinhead records** - sigh.

My Dad must've been parked in his cab out front of the LBS waiting for a trip... but, after we'd all crashed out for a couple of hours so that Ken could drive home sort of sober... I got awakened by the police!

My Dad had called the police to help him enter Janette's home and drag me out! go figure.

I argued with the cops: "Am I under arrest?" "No." "Then who is my father that you do what he says?" My Dad wanted them to make me get into his car and go with him... but I didn't want to. My friends - drunk or not - were put in their car and sent on their way back to Saskatoon - and I walked away down the alley after the cops had driven off my father. I didn't see him again until the next day - and I was lame.

On the way home, I sat on the foundation stone to the jail where they'd kept Riel in 1885 - before they hanged him. Then I got thirsty - and sallied forth in search of more liquor. I guess, looking back, I should've gone on to the Empire - where the red-skinned savages and their ilk hanged out - but the fag bar was right there. I'd been to it before with Clark and Murray - and never had trouble... so I went in... and got really drunk.

The fags didn't mind my presence. I told a few my story and they sympathized with me - that my father was such a smothering-controlling asshole. None of them tried to pick me up. If I'd have gone on to the Empire I'd more than likely have ended up getting jumped by a gang of drunken Indians... so...

So, walking home I had to pass by the Empire (and they sold off-sale until 3 a.m.) - as I've always done - drunk or not - I headed for the bar to pull some beer and go on my way happy home. But I hit a pot hole in the blackness of the alley, twisted my ankle but damned good, and fell down hard. I may have even passed out. I don't know. All I know is that I've never walked right since then.

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Marcus Paulson had a place nearby. I'd helped him clean it up in the past. Indians use to live in it. It was run as a welfare scam by some dirty cops or ex-cops for awhile... and now Paulson wanted to cash in on the scam, too. He didn't waste the creative opportunities this place had either - producing a great video called **The Gold Cap Society**. An expose documenting the abuse of gold-capped Lysol disinfectant by his Native tenants. Take **Grandpa Buffalo**, for example, who if you stood downwind from him smelled like stale urine; still he always had the girls having the reserve money in his wallet.

But Paulson made me wait until he was good and ready to take me home... instead of turning a favour and going out of his way for a friend. He had another house on the downtown stroll, where the Indian girls would sell their sex. He was pulling some sort of a scam, there, with a guy who'd just gotten out of jail. The guy ended up killing him one night.

vi

There I was, the next day, sitting with my poor ankle up, when the old man burst into my little place and begins giving me shit - telling me who I can see and who I can't - and where I can go and where I can't - and leaves in a huff. All the while I'm thinking of nothing but how much my ankle hurts.

That was about 1991-92. I began driving cab in 1993-to-1995. I've re-sprained and sprained my ankle again-and-again... time and time again... too many times to count. It hurts all the time - and has worked its way into my knee - and I expect it will affect my hip when I'm older. This is something that wouldn't have happened if my father hadn't tried to take control of my life... simply put. In the old days you'd so cobble a runaway slave sech so that it'd think twice about running off again and set a good example for others to think about.

Marcus Paulson was a different sort of fellow. He had no second thoughts about telling his father what to do. I remember stories of him going way back into my punk days in Saskatoon, in the mid-eighties. If anything, we were opposites. He drove cab for my Dad for a while and - being another deadbeat - he did well as a cab driver because he looked after him first. Neither had he any reservations about going onto **Reserve land**. A lot of day drivers were finicky about picking up Indians. They were most usually trouble... but Paulson, like a lot of White men, thought that he could harness and control and profit from the natives animal nature. He could have been - and should have been a lawyer - I think he was researching it as an option!?

Me. I grew up with Indians - and it was always a fight. Being as they most often never have anything - anything you have is expected to be shared if you are friends and taken if not - and if you don't want to share... then you are no friend and its okay to take from you whatever they want. If they give you anything... be worried about what it is that they will want from you sooner than later... it could be anything - and will probably be violent and illegal.

Now, here in the hotel, downtown Victoria... I find that the White men are no better than the Indians back home. Such dirty people - men and women both - staining toilet seats and not cleaning them, using dirty toilets made filthy by others, foul, gross subhumans... even primates have more pride and dignity and self-respect than these pigs. Luckily, the swine don't want to fight as much as the savages did. It was always a fight with the Indians in the Prairies - always.

vii

The **Anarkids** were a second chance for me - an opportunity for personal redemption - restitution for my crimes against society as a taxicab driver - for the loss, so to speak, of my virginity - my original sin. **Echo Kowitch** was the first girl that I'd spoken to for as long as I remember with the intention of picking her up and using her as my own personal sex toy. I showed her and **Jamey Parker** my studio in the old **J.M. Duncan residence** - he was a sheriff of the Supreme Court for the Assiniboian judicial district between 1908 and 1913. The house had been constructed in 1905, survived the 1912 tornado, and he'd lived there until 1915 - it having become 2076 Scarth St. in 1908. In 1919, Duncan gave the home over to the **Sisters of Charity (Grey Nuns)**, who named the place **Rosary Hall**, and it was run as a home for unwed pregnant young women until 1968.

Scarth St. runs north-south, parallel and between Albert and Broad, and like those streets, intersected both Victoria Ave. and 13th Ave. - about a hundred feet to the north is the marker marking the spot where Riel was hung - and about fifty feet to the east is the alley that I was hiding when **Constables. Ron and Terry** hunted me down - infer.

In 1996, I let Echo stay because she was sniffing - and sickly. It was too cold and damp outside for a sick girl. She must have been scared of me... but, having few options, she took her chances with me - and I gave her and her puppy lots of space. In short order, I had street kids crawling in-and-out of the three big windows into my place all the time. The so-called "managers" would hamper them from visiting me if they could - so the kids used the windows. Only once did anyone steal anything. He was a real puke, too. The police had brought him to my window one night and left him under my care... of all things. The kid said he lived with me. I told the cop he was staying with me because he had stayed... as a friend of someone-or-another. He was one of those wastes of time that happen to us all. The more quickly they are forgotten the better and the less said of them is better yet.

Almost every other kid was good... they were good to each other... and they were all good to me. So I didn't mind having them around. I felt inspired and painted... we painted together... the squeegee kids and me: Three girls - Echo and Jamey and Jen - and I painted **Starless Night** on a 5'X8' canvas given to me by Boosh and painted with oil paints donated from various sources. The canvas was hanged at a spot on the wall where the light from the three windows that our gang crawled in-and-out of mixed together. **Jamey Parker** did the greatest amount of work on the canvas, painting more space - the pixilated / pointillistic stuff - and spending goodly time mixing unique colours.

I, at one point, left the canvas in the care of my little brother and his wife - because they were not only artists, but parents, so I was sure that it was left in safe hands - but my sister-in-law damaged the painting and covered it up and lied about it until accidentally revealing this awful secret to me. Thereafter, my brother having mailed it to Echo, it is in her care.

viii

I met a lot of kids and was happy with things as they were. The kids liked my place because it was one block from the park, a big space where lots of them could gather and no one gave them any shit about nutin... and all was going well until **Jamey Parker** and I planned moving in together upstairs. It was then, after vacating the big room on the main floor for a suite on the third floor, I learned of her girlish crush of **Aaron Walker**, my enemy. I tried to explain to her about what a rotten character he was... but she wouldn't listen. He had had me appear before Her Majesty and I was told to stay so far away from him so that the area I

usually walked through to get to my home was now in a "no man's land" that I renamed the stupid jerk, "Noman." Seems to me that the name fits him.

Noman ended up fucking **Beastor** who was also fucking **Yabut**, my half-Jew cousin... a little man with a big prick - and proud of it having nothing else to be proud of. **Beastor** was a park reject... if such a thing is possible, eh! The three of these swine came up with the idea to fuck me over but good. To this day on my permanent record it says that I diddled the little bitch. But, I didn't. I am the one who is fucked - by them - my good character raped by a godless trio of criminals who used their hatred of each other to turn the police against me. The cops didn't like me as it was - and they knew who my father was - and didn't like him either. You could say that they had it in for me.

Beastor said that I felt her up - and I say that I didn't. I say that she was laying there naked and that I didn't want nothing to do with her... she was obviously **Yabut's** leftover trash. So I went to crash out with my nephew, **Andrew**, in his bunkbed - and this was not the first time we crashed out together. **Yabut** is just a piece of filth, though, the son-of-a-bitch even broke his own mother's arm... twice... on two different occasions that is.

Noman was also a proven criminal and a deviant lunatic. I've written more on the matter in my **Pardon Appeal** - which successfully pardoned me. I'm just too poor to close the deal. God-damned government... got its greedy hand out for more every time you turn around... and don't you dare bend over near it, eh!

I wouldn't turn my back on the ghastly trio either - you can never trust a bunch of fucking goofs to do anything but fuck up a nice day.

ix

On the night of 7-8 June 1998, I was sitting in a secret place - in an alley of 13th Avenue, behind the Sask, Power building. I could see the cab stand at the bus depot (on Hamilton St.) and not be seen by them in the place I'd hidden me. No one saw me tucking myself away there, either! And, being out of sight, I poked the cork into the wine bottle and began drinking the champagne which I had found on **Fafard's** Bison sculpture (Scarth Street Mall). I also tried unsuccessfully to huff the can of wood filler which I'd found in the trash behind the Regina Inn... whence I was looking for a pokey thing to push the cork into the bottle so as to drink.

I don't know how **Csts. Ron and Terry** found me, sitting there hidden as I was... unless they were actually looking for me! I imagine that the bottle of wine was stolen by off-duty cops in the park celebrating the **2nd Annual Can-Am Police and Firefighter's Games** (in Regina at the time). (I'd heard that the R.P.D. was operating with an Acting Chief - the previous Police **Chief Murray Langgord** having stepped down after involvement in some sort of mischief involving an underage girl in a Calgary park! or so rumour had it.)

Chief Cal Johnston, incidentally from Calgary, was Regina's Chief of Police on from 1998. It was no wonder that those despicable pigs - **Ron and Terry** - were able to get away with brutally beating the hell out of me... and stealing my buckskin jacket with long sleeves and fringes. They left me for dead and threw this relic into the garbage behind the **Man in Chains'** apartment building. This I later learned from an Indian eating at the Marion Center. He'd thought that I'd just gotten tired of it and threw it away.

I had premonitions the day before. I shared these with **Eric Lee** - a cab driver who understood the art's scene and municipal politics. They proved true, eh!.

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I first met the **Man in Chains** because of a girl I was fucking... her name was **Dumb Bitch**. Anyhow, it seems **Dumb Bitch** was fucking the **Man in Chains**, too... and he took offense to all the hickies I left her with. So he showed the girl to those two bad cops - and told them that I'd beaten the girl - and me being popular amongst the **Anarkids** in the park... they took offense.

These two brutes shined their flashlight right into my eyes so as that I couldn't see anything else. Then they started in asking me a lot of very personal questions and inferring that I was punking out the squeegie brats, which I weren't. Sure, I'd fucked the **Dumb Bitch** and left her with a lot of hickies... but she weren't no kid, eh! and, besides, it's what she wanted. I can see why now. Her and him passed my hickies off as bruises and tricked

the dumb cops into hunting me... and grievously beating me... and robbing me of my constitutional dignity as a citizen.

So I turned the tables on the bastards and accused them of being outright jealous that I might be fucking all these pampered and powdered White jailbait, whilst all they had to pass around was little **Suzie Q**, who'd followed her older sister or aunt out onto the stroll. When I was a cab driver, I learnt about how the cops would trick the working girls into a blowjob or a fuck in the backseat of their cruisers on long, lonely nights of boredom and no other action. These poor girls were given the choice of performing sexual favours for the pigs or getting run in - for something to do is better than not having anything better to do.

It was then that one of them slammed their baton into the top of my skull... with such force as to knock me down to the ground. They wasted no time in jumping upon me, the one grinding his knees into my shoulder, the other folding my knees one-over-t'other and kneeling upon my ankles where they crossed, so as to render me helpless. Then they beat upon me ferociously - arms, shoulders, back, legs, knees and elbows - and as he removed his knee, they beat upon my ankles. Then they tried to strip my buckskin jacket off of me. But I had decided to resist - and went stiff so as to hamper them in stripping me.

The two of them laughed and gave me more of what for - until I was rendered limp as a ragdoll. I lay there dazed and confused. I could see them pawing at my buckskins together. It angered me. I growled and pushed up from the dirt... and the big blond one kicked me in the face, breaking my jaw and knocking me unconscious.

I floated up **out of my body** like a wisp of smoke - stretching as I rose into the grim-growing darkness. I could see the two assassins with their prize - haply together holding my buckskins. Then, as if forgetting a thought, they vanished. All was black - and cold. I was thinning out as a breath on a winter's morn.

Afar off I saw a point of light like a star moving away - and felt quite disparaging lonesome. Then as if in a moment - a flash - she was there before me... the **Blue Lady**.

"Whutchu doin then thar, Darse? a-wrigglin like a worm in the dust. Whyn'tchu get up and walk like a man?"

I lay there... in that lonely hidden place... where those two assholes had left me... but not before smashing the champagne bottle and dowsing me with booze... in case I made to the hospital - somehow - a mile off. They'd intended me to stink like a wino on a drunk... but, after I managed to haul my ass to the General's Emergency, those poor nurses thought I'd been hit by a truck.

I don't know how I could have walked so far - I was bed-ridden for three days afterwards - after surgery - incapacitated.

Anyhow, the nurses wanted to call the cops - and I freaked out and I tried to resist - I began to hallucinate because I was in shock. I was very concerned about aliens doing unwanted experiments on me. When they tried to put me into a **CT scanner** - which is typically a large, box-like machine with a hole, or short tunnel, in the center on a narrow examination table that slides in-and-out... I thought they were going to feed me into a furnace and make me disappear. A security guard took it into his head to aggressively subdue me - and I was compelled to surrender my free will to power and cease to resist. I lay still and waited for the flames to bite... but they never did. Thus did I regain some of my sensibilities.

Before any surgery was done - I was released into police custody. The same two stinky turds who beat me senseless showed up to take me into custody. They put me in heavy steel leg-irons and hand-cuffed me behind my back and led me outside, barefoot into the cold, to their patrol car. I was put into the back seat and driven to city cells... all in complete silence. Even the car radio, when it did buzz, seemed ominously quiet.

I was processed and put into a cell to await... what? for them to kill me an attempted escape? for an assisted suicide? what?

Time passed - and in my thoughts I thought of Jesus scourged by the guards before he was crucified. I felt as if I were clothed in glorious lithon shining brilliantly. I pitied them for their transgression. I was utterly abased.

No policemen came to see me while I was in the hospital recovering - to initiate any investigation into my assault. This in itself speaks volumes concerning police liability. Lucky for me, I had **angels watching over me** - I remember especially my brother David and **Sheri Larocque**, my Dad's girlfriend. She was always so good to me. After I was released from the hospital, with my mouth wired shut, she took care of me for a month... blending my food into a paste.

I was glad when the wires came off my mouth - a couple of weeks early, too.

I'd like to note, in closing this affair, to mention young **Miss Darcy** - one of the First Nations kids from across the tracks in the "reserve." She and her uncle approached me and told me the story of how she and the **Man in Chains** had been present when I was shit-kicked by those pigs... but I don't remember seeing her there. She said that she was in the back seat with the murderous villain - he'd confessed to me earlier to having killed three men in jail - and that they both beaten me with a two-by-four.

As much as I'd like to believe the girl... I just don't remember her there... but I reckon she was with the Man in Chains at one point or another and heard the story firsthand of how **Csts. Ron and Terry** did me wrong.

For a long time afterwards, the cops made it known to me that they were watching me... waiting for me to slip up. They always reminded me of the town drunk in old western towns being made sheriff because no one else wanted the job. They were a far cry from the noble RCMP officer and his horse. I am thankful to God that there are, in fact, caring and concerned detectives there-at in the Regina City Police Department, though. It is they who will take offense at Ron and Terry's actions, and the **Thin Blue Line** which not only allowed such a travesty of justice to occur, but caused it and concealed it and keep it hidden even now... as if it didn't matter... as if I don't matter.

I was targeted for destruction by the pigs in Regina - and this is why I found me in Her Majesty's court room, in May 2000, charged by **Officer Yee** with Obstruction & Mischief. Sure, I was found knocking on the backdoor of a stranger in the wee sunlight dawning hours of a cold winter morning... but that was no reason to call the police on me - is it. Just open the door and shoo me away... must've thought I was an Indian trying to break in.

In any event, I found me in the hoosegow again. This time the phony charge stuck. I was to work off my fine at Knox Metropolitan - on the corner of Scarth St. and Victoria Ave. by the library. I made a painting of Fra Giovanni di Pietro di Bernardone, **St-Francis of Assisi** in lieu of restitution. I reckon the church still has it.

It was here-at on another wilding, that I had a terrible street battle with one of the Pelletier boys. We ended up sitting together in the park and killing off a giant-sized beer. I lost my Green Demon mask - and it was a buet - and got arrested when I went back looking for it... by Officer Yee, again.

x

It was about this time that I met **Charity Smith**, who I thought a better friend than she ever really was. It was from her I learned that those who forget are destined to remember that there is no such thing as love. It is a hard lesson in life to learn.

Jay, my father, and Sheri Larocque, his woman, put me into a house she owned on St. John's St., just off the downtown stroll by the General Hospital. I let a lot of kids stay with me. Echo never stayed too long - never long enough for me - but she came and went as she pleased... and I'm pretty sure that because she could come and go as she pleased is one of the main attractions of hanging around me.

I told a bunch of twinkies one night that the reason I didn't fuck any of the girls up was because if I fucked up one... then I fucked 'em all up... because if in doing so I'd fail inasmuch as being who people thought I was and not being myself. I told them about the **Parable of the Archer** - and how if he was so much as a hair out at the point his eye first touched arrow to target... he'd miss by far as the arrow sought out its target.

I feel though, like I did leave one girl out - to let her down by not living up to what she needed in me. I didn't see it then because I was hurt - and angry with her for my being hurt. Her boyfriend was involved with criminals - they had murdered two old people for some welfare checks one dark night. The man died right off, fighting back, but the old woman had her back broken and was left to perish alone on the floor, the phone torn out of the wall and cast down on the floor by her dead husband. She was there about three days before her son kicked his way into their apartment. Poor guy - what a thing to find.

*This creep was hiding something in his room and his mother warned me to stay out of it - and she was one scary bitch, I'm telling you. So I stayed out of the kids room - happy with the thought that he'd clear out his junk soon enough - and he did. We use to call him **Banana Boy** because he dressed all in yellow (so as he'd be more easily noticed).*

*The girl, **Amanda Baron**, was ostracized. Nobody was impressed with her. It wasn't much longer that I moved away for good. Jay and Sheri had broken up and it seemed ridiculous to think that she would continue to allow me to stay where I was at the rent I'd been paying... and I'd had enough of my Dad's shenanigans... and it was just time for me to move on. So one night, at midnight on Dec. 31st/January 1st 2000 - the last year of the Millennium - I got a ride to the Greyhound and bid Regina au revoir.*

I still have a lock of her hair.

xi

I'd been writing all my life. It has always been my passion - to read and write - to learn. I didn't know it yet but some of best writings were ahead of me.

*After a short sojourn in Calgary, a guest at my Mother's, I ventured on to **Victoria**. I got off the bus at its stop in front of the then **Bay Center** and walked into **James Bay** to **Dallas Road Beach**. The only area I had any sort of knowledge. I lived precariously beneath a couple of logs, having laid a sheet of plastic down for a roof and covering it with dirt and clumps of plants and other flotsam. It was a cozy little nook - but began feeling too much like a grave. I smelled terribly from the tiny little driftwood fires that I'd make at night to keep warm.*

*Luckily, I was smiled upon by a welfare worker at their office downtown and hooked up with a room at the **Sally Ann**. I didn't think too much about the room though, as its walls didn't go all the way up to the ceiling and four such rooms were connected. I had the end one with two windows.*

*I planed a painting of Aphrodite being washed ashore as a beautiful young woman awakening in pajama's and fresh surf - although I'd made a sketch, I never put pen to brush. Instead, I began writing the **Worm-Eaten Scrolls** - which are included with this manuscript.*

*My motivation and purpose for this exploration of Scripture was not so much to disprove Scripture but to explore its' resources - for the first chapters of the **Book of Genesis** has nothing to do with **Hebrews** - which I learned. These are a collection of stories from even more ancient peoples and archetypical tales shared inherently by most peoples of the Mesopotamian fertile crescent, ruled by blond-haired blue-eyed people, and Egypt.*

*Even the **Jews** of today, Zionist or not, are not original descendants of Abraham or Jacob/Israel, nor the mixed multitude what followed after Moses. These original descendants are scattered. The lost tribes will never reconstitute... and Judaism as we know it today is nothing less than a **Khazarian banker-mafia New World Order / Illuminist ZOG** scam to disinherit us all of more than our lands - but our identities.*

In short, when Ron & Terry beat me up and robbed me of my buckskin jacket - they in part robbed me of my identity - for to many that is who I was! and, also, I was robbed of my memories and hopes and dreams... and ideals. And, in part, I was culturally oppressed by racists who were mindless of their archetypical role as disempowering White policemen beating down a poor dumb half-breed.

*Let us not forget that Islam is the half-brother of Judaism and that both of these bastards are sons of the devil Abraham, both engaged in world domination and jihad - an unholy race war of genocide and extinction against the **White European-based Hyperborean Celto-Teuton-Nordic pagan-Christian Germanic Races** which*

is our genealogy - our Canadian family - we are not strangers in a strange land, immigrants... we were never immigrants... we were always colonists. It is the **Liberal Agenda** which calls us immigrants and welcomes strangers amongst us, them living in better conditions than we. These people who won't suffer for having the Third World in our midst. These betrayers of Canadian dignity profiting from the rape of our ancestors' memories and hopes and dreams... and ideals.

But who am I? if not a nameless nobody.

xii

I'd began getting a little racist - again - having been a skinhead in my youth - after reading **Mein Kampf**. I was drawn to it when questioning why on earth someone so terrible would hate the Jews so hardily... the Jews having given us so much. I was like Paul who had the scales washed away from his eyes and could see afresh. I was Lazarus emerged from the sepulchre where I'd been laid and left for dead. I was the crucified thief who was with Jesus thence in Heaven. I was a sleeper awakened from a bad dream and made aware of the truth of the lie we are living, which turns the world upon its head.

Yet **Mein Kampf** is nothing without Fritz Hippler's **Der Ewige Jude** (The Eternal Jew) - a documentary filmed shortly after the Nazi occupation of Poland at the insistence of Nazi Germany's Minister of Propaganda, **Joseph Goebbels** - the second greatest Nazi ever - a hero of the Reich.

I began to understand the Holy Bible differently now... and, having been interested in ancient historical origins and correlating archeological evidence since my childhood - and after having studied philosophy and theology and literature - after comparing Judaism as I'd come to accept it as the origin of my supposed Christianity - I saw that **Zion declared War on the Gentile Nations**. But I, as Nietzsche and all other nihilists, such as Lovecraft and Crowley, before me see that all three of these originate in **Luciferianism** - Judaism, Christianity and Islam - all. All three are fundamentally based upon belief in the devil - but all disagree about God. Even amongst themselves they argue as to exactly who-or-what God is.

Simply put - belief in God makes accepting death easy; sets boundaries for us to live by - and laws to regulate our behaviour for the benefit of the ideals we pursue as a society. Without Faith people degenerate into animal-forms, demonic-archetypes and monsters. But with too much faith we have **Sharia' à la w**.

I believe in god - and that god is nameless and unknowable to us poor people - and that no one can say that they speak for god and that god is this or that or says this or that... because nobody can know for sure - and most people are full of shit - dreamers who are too scared of waking up to resist instinct - and, thus, their eggshell cracks but they fail to break out of their insecurities - as kooky people do. Then look out, eh! Kooky people do kooky things.

xiii

Take good old **Dr. Ballard**, for example. When I grew up Dr. Ballard's was something you fed to your dogs. It was a premium dog food. Dr. Ballard, whom I call **Quack Lardball**, was neither premium nor good enough even for the dogs. The son-of-a-bitch out-right lied to me and told me that I was going to die. He set up some kind of a radioactive iodine test with another kook - **Dr. Christen von Graf** - whom I call **Ratspew M.D. (mentally defective)**. The nurse was wearing a lead vest because she was around the shit all day long, I didn't need one because I was around it for moments only - long enough to suck it up - although they told me not to go near any babies for six weeks! Duh! I was given a small vial with what looked like water in it, given a straw and told me to drink it... then I was brought into a room with some kind of a machine. I was made to stand still - and the son-of-a-bitch pointed it at my throat, engaged the machine from a safe place and burned my thyroid, withering it up.

Nobody really needs that done. They were just greedy tax frauds using medicare to sadomasochistically betray their patients and disgrace the Hippocratic Oath in order to financially gain monetary reward for services rendered - however unnecessary - and renown as great physicians by their peers for it - sure to pat themselves on the back if no one else would do it for them. These corrupt physicians forming some sort of a **Thin White Line**

like the **Thin Blue Line** of the police - which allowed **Csts. Ron and Terry** to get away with gruesomely beating me up, the police not having to further investigating their conspirators criminal activities, knowing full well what they've done and covering it up by denying and claiming ignorance, and covering up criminal culpability and encouraging further bestial belligerence amongst the constabulary (which, in turn, is taken out on other members of society by these bad cops and their ilk).

• •

A lot of people speak of nightmares with Social Services... but I must live a blessed life - because it is very rare that I have to go to their office. You have to go very early and get their first or the wait can be long... if you get seen at all. Its not like the old days when you had a worker - a name and a phone number. Now its nothing less than a government bare-bones office.

I was on welfare in Nanaimo, too, when I lived there. I was pretty well treated with and have no complaints - although my brother Jean can't say the same thing, complaining of nothing but unjust treatment and denial of services! because he'd always worked before!?

• •

I don't drink - and haven't drank for a long time - so I've not had the misfortune of waking up in city cells but once-or-twice now. The one time, for sure, was the time they broke my new laptop... holding it by their fingers at the top of the screen and passing it around - so as for the screen to break, I heard the assholes open up Windows... jerks were probably jealous that someone so low on the social scale to have such a good computer - just like my little brother Reec, who gave it to me, warned me.

You know - **Shardi** and his fucking friends would have probably just stolen it if they could have gotten away with it. He was a real piece of shit as far as people go. Definitely the worst kid I ever met. A sociopath and a degenerate.

xiv

Shardi. I hate this kid and hope I never see him again.

I first met him down near the **Whale Wall**, when I hired him for five bucks to carry a big plastic bag of tulips I'd found there across the street behind the two sisters - those beautiful old buildings owned by the Jews by the blue steel bridge. I planted them there. I use to sit there and drink beer or toké up.

It was hard to buy weed back then. I didn't know anybody. **JB** introduced me to **Jesus** - a kid who was connected - and we, too, became friends... as he liked JB he liked me... and I was accepted as an artist.

I usually hung out with **Uptown John** and **Downtown John** - the one a cocaine addict and the other a heroin addict. So, meeting **Jesus** was a very good thing for me. I was adopted by the **downtown skids** and treated as one of their own by the better part of them, and if not liked, known and tolerated... part of the scene, man.

I was friends with a lot of bums, too.

After I moved into the **Ritz Hotel** I got on the wrong side of a terrible junkie who hated the fellowship I shared with the young people that would oft times sit with me and pan - or share doubage. His name was **Dean Marsi** and he had AIDS - and I knew this - so fist-fighting him was really very scary. On top of it all... my ankle is lame! and I weren't wearing my shit-kickers, either. Some loafers - Docs, I think.

I'm lucky I didn't fall down fighting him. He was really scary. I threw him from the street into traffic, which was coming to a stop for the red light. So maybe that's why he didn't get killed. I ran out into the street and grabbed him by the hair, smashing his head up-and-down the car. I think I saw a kid screaming in the back of the car... I don't know! maybe not.

Then I smashed his head into a cement structure, there on the corner of Fort St and Yates. I threw him to the ground and would have shit-kicked him had I been wearing my stompers... but I had on those gadom shoes... so

I just kicked him in the nuts a few times while he got up to his knees to stand. The fight was pretty much over... I thought. No! not at all. He wanted more.

The asshole picked up my cane and began to pound on me with it. I used my left forearm as a shield - and took several horrible blows which splintered the cane to pieces. Marsi the Manster used his free hand to squeeze the splintered point into a stabbing implement... but I'd had enough and was beginning to go animal on his ass.

Someone from the crowd spoke out - and hearing the voice of the mob fled the scene. He didn't get far, though, before the cops got him. It was then I learned that he was my neighbour - and his girlfriend was a whore. He made my life miserable. He and his junkie friends brought out a nasty darkness in the people at the 9-10 Club - so I stayed away to avoid violence. Whether I had to or not. I laid off doping it up, too.

xv

Now, after **Ratspew M.D.** poisoned me, I didn't go and get sick all at once. And I've never known a day since that I didn't hurt for there malicious treatment - those bastards. I was starting to show signs of sickness though. I began to feel more-and-more mentally unbalanced... but, not smoking dope or huffing paint, I thought my mind and thoughts were sobering.

Then I began to get cramps and hallucinate. I thought the people in other rooms were **Bacchanalians** - and out to get me - especially the junkies and their despicable ilk. But it weren't so - my mind was degenerating into insanity. It seems that when I was told to call back in six weeks and make an appointment... Ratspew meant make an appointment for in six weeks. So it was twelve weeks before I saw him - six weeks too long - and I'd begun to mortify.

Of course, the mistake was all my fault - and if I was suffering for it it was nothing to do with him. In fact, he said, I won't even see you after January! It was then I began to really feel fucked over by these two medical marvels - these fricken goofs in labcoats. Who the hell am I supposed to trust if not the medical people and the cops? am I to continue to trust in the medical care I received at the General Hospital twenty years ago? or were they compliant with the police.

All I know is that my hair was falling out - and when I ran my fingers through my hair and shewed **Lardball** a handful of hair, he blurted out: 'What's that - I don't see anything?'

So I stopped going to see both of them as quick as I could. I tried to tell people in positions that might be able to help me... about my suspicions of having been purposely poisoned by these two hucksters who profited financially for treating me for an imagined and fabricate illness... but nobody believe me. No body believed me in Regina about Ron and Terry, either. Why should now be any different.

Society is just one big fuck up.

xvi

I wrote **Bragsång - A Hyperborean Myth** in 1996, around the time my father's taxicab empire crumbled - as a mental diversion. I was spending a lot of time hanging out with the **Little Gs** - my youngest brother Reec's friends - Tim, Steve, Chris Izaak, Chris Warner, and Jodie and Catherine. The **Warner Gang** robbed the corner store and hid out at my place. They showed me how every cigarette is marked with a number. They got caught when someone squealed at school the next day.

These guys, I thought treated me good, in them days... but maybe I was just a fool to them!? Tim I think was a junkie who got caner or something bad like that Steve ended up a crack junkie who robbed people who trusted him - he got shot; Izaak - who knows? Chris and Jodie got married and have a family. Catherine always was and always will be a slut (who fucked with Jay).

I wrote **Apocalypsis Johannou** while on sabbatical in Calgary from driving taxicab for my father. It was my intention to never return... but, alak... I ended up in the **Duncan Residence** where I met Echo and the **Anarkids**. It was during this era that I first penned my notes to **The Angel of Divine Presence** - which is based on **William Blake's Illustrations for the Book of Job**.

My original notes are no longer extant - to the best of my knowledge.

I composed **The Parable of the Gift** in protest to the unjust treatment I'd received from Csts. Ron and Terry and the rogue Regina City Police Department and the puppet rule of the Department of Justice, manipulated by those who oppressed me. It has a lot to do with Joseph being sold into slavery by his brothers. He, too, had his jacket stolen.

By this time I was painting prolificately - mostly saints such as **St-Jehanne d'Arc** and **St-Louis "David" Riel** - and historic figures like **Gabriel Dumont**. I made a lot of paintings about or influenced by the street kids which hung out with me. The most important one, of course, is **Beautiful Baby Brigitte** (c. 1998-99) - for my dear friend Brigitte Chapados. It was round at the top and had sixteen hidden hearts painted into it - the last one only recently being revealed by me to her privately.

The only other painting of any importance of this period would be **Gypsy Girl with a Squeegie** - of Echo - which is in her possession. It has its own story.

I believe that all my artworks - my paintings - have their own lives to live. I made a beautiful painting for Charity of **Punkin Cheri** - but burnt it after she buggered off on me. I also made a nice painting of a **Nicole Thome** wearing a crown of roses - which **Bob Ivanochko** bought from me for \$50. He remembered me from when I was an emerging artist in Regina.

xvii

It was during my radiation sickness that I took an interest in **The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry** - a collection of ballads and popular songs collected by Bishop Thomas Percy and published in 1765. This was the influence of **The Lai of the Dying Cow-Hand Lamentation** and **The Fight of Punkin Cheri** - about **Charity Smith** and **Megan Real**, both girls who lived with me and ran off without so much as a goodbye or a kiss my ass. I was very fond of both of them and took it to heart. That's about the time Chelsea and Alexis moved in - Lexi finished school before she moved on. **Chelsea Davidson** and **Tyler Schmidt**, Anne's brother took off for the coast. **Anne Schmidt** and her girlfriend **Sara Anderson** were like family to me... Sarah dating my brother Patrick - and Anne his friend.

The only other book which I've ever read that had such an influence on me was **Papillion** by **Henri Carrière** - the greatest adventure story ever told about the man who dared to escape from Devil's Island. This man, **Albert Johnson**, the **Mad Rat River Trapper**, and **Gen. Blood and Guts George S. Patton** were the big influences on me before **Führer Adolf Hitler**, the greatest man ever born of a woman's travail. Neither Rasputin nor Napoleon nor Nostradamus influenced me as much. Nor didst Whitman, Blake, Kafka, Pound or Nietzsche interest me as much. not even de Sade. The great artists who influenced me were Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Caravaggio, Botticelli, Rembrandt, Toulouse Lautrec, Van Gogh and Edvard Munch. Characters such as Jean val Jean, Don Quixote, Sherlock Homes, or the Sackett clan were also of influence to my growth as a person and a writer.

I like reading Middle English romances - long narrative poems - and old plays - the best ones being **The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade**, a 1963 play by Peter Weiss first published in German, and Boris Vian's **The Empire Builders**.

Of course, the best music I've heard has to be **Rick Wakeman's** 1974 epic interpretation a Jules Verne novel: **Journey to the Center of Earth** and a musical version of **The War of the Worlds** - a 1978 concept album by Jeff Wayne; never to discount the most influential album's I've ever heard: Canadian director Norman Jewison's film **Jesus Christ Superstar** - a 1970 rock opera with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber and lyrics by Tim Rice. - the musical started as a rock opera concept album before its Broadway debut in 1971. And **Blake Edward's** 1974 **Phantom of the Paradise**.

I don't think anything interesting has happened to music since **Punk Rock** and the **Sex Pistols**. Except for **Wendy O. Williams** and the **Plasmatics**. Wendy O. was a goddess of the caliber of **Betty Page** - unequaled in her beauty and character. The one a good girl next door... and the other the girl you don't bring home to mother.

xviii

The people who have the most influence on me are **Ste-Jehanne d'Arc** la Pucelle de Orléans, **Peyots Grigori Yefimovich Rasputin the Starets**, **St-Louis "David" Riel**, and **Ste-Thérèse de Lisieux** of the Holy Face of the Sacred Child Jesus Christ. These have all appeared to me in visions.

St-Thérèse first appeared to me whilst I lay there in agony, suffering grievous cramping pains in my fingers and toes and throughout every other muscle in my body, and much sleepless because of it, and writhing agonizing pains in my joints - all of it because of the poison in that little bottle I'd sipped from which was given me by Ratspew.

I thought it was the end of the world. I was hallucinating... because it hurt too much to sleep. I envisioned once, laying there, opening my eyes and seeing St- Thérèse sitting by me, her hip by my head, praying for me. I knew that I would be well again and found solace in it - and was able to sleep for a spell.

She has always been with me... there for me to reach out to in prayer... to advocate for me before God. We are both blessed with love of **St-Jehanne d'Arc** - whom, whether my mother understands it or not, I am named after. My name being Darcy John.

I don't normally get visions. I saw the **Blue Lady**. And heard the **Still Small Voice**. I believe that I've been visited by Angels and demons - and play some sort of role as one of the nine unknown men!? as according to **The Morning of the Magicians**, first published as *Le Matin des magiciens*, was written by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier in 1960 - a generalized and wide ranging overview of the occult or paranormal.

Who knows. maybe I am just a nameless nobody.

Sure. I've seen Angels and devils whilst I was huffing paint. Whoeee - I sure like that shit. But it made me sick. Unsuitable for society. I was quick becoming like a fucked up **Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde** - a psychic vampyre living off of psychic-ectoplasmic-imaginings. Prophetic beholding which consumed my comprehensive ability to understand the here-and-now - containing more information than my mind could bear. I am unable to accurately remember and translate those alien influences now, here, so much later - and after such a long time in sobering recollection.

Sure. I love dreaming. I hate sleeping though - because I've got so much to do - so much going on - so much will be unfinished if and when I, too, sadly pass on.

I believe in God. No one can claim to represent God here on earth. But there are many Godly people, nevertheless. Where they gather is transcendence - absolution and wholesomeness. The ungodly never gather together for long without coming to odds with each other. They are like crows, or ravens, happier alone (with their mate) than with any other but apt to gather and squawk - or like flies on a piece of shit.

Like immortal **Virgil**, I admire **bees** - but will eat honey and like royal jelly. I like the **THC** honey which is available at my local dispensary more. I smelled some briefly the other day... and my nose and lips were tainted with its honied scent for a long while afterwards. It was an uplifting discovery. Things have come so far since I was a kid smoking up in the seventies, eh! hoser.

xix

My Dad came to see me, once. He was downstairs at the cafe drinking a coffee just waiting for me to come home. I didn't show him my room, nor did I take him to the Studio... though, as we drove around together, he seemed to instinctively driven right towards it. I didn't want him and **Gam** to meet.

Tha is the last I ever saw of my father. He gave me \$50.00 and drove away. I never talked to him again.

But **Gam** - this stinky poop is a different blazing paperbag on my stoop. I met him in the watercloset of the **Sally Ann**, where he was staying. The can there was an awful place - there were four stalls; one was always overflowing - so most of the floor was wet; others were unflushed and full of filth; if a decent place to poop could be had, fine. If not there was always on the other side of the building. This toilet was the one open to the men who took a single bed to flop out on on any given night.

The shower was in the same room - with space and showerheads for four people. It was a dirty place. Thank God no one ever joined me in the shower. Hell, we weren't even allowed to have guests in our rooms.

I found out later how dirty **Gam** really was... but for now, to me, he simply was a gullible old man I didn't think he was queer - i.e. a fag - but he weren't all together there, y'no. But I liked him well enough - and he was harmless... or so it seemed... so I trusted him and we became what I thought was friends...!

I didn't understand it then, but I wasn't me to him... I was **Sancho Panza** and he was **Don Quixote** - fully titled **The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha** - a fictional character written by Spanish author Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra in 1605. The story follows the adventures of a hidalgo named Mr. Alonso Quixano who reads so many chivalric romances that he loses his sanity and decides to set out to revive chivalry, undo wrongs, and bring justice to the world, under the name Don Quixote de la Mancha. He recruits a simple farmer, Sancho Panza, as his squire, who often employs a unique, earthy wit in dealing with Don Quixote's rhetorical orations on antiquated knighthood. Often cited as the "best literary work ever written" - and called the first novel ever written.

But, really, he was simply a rich old miser who could stay in the Studio any time he wanted... had a trailer park up-island... and other properties... and a van he slept in... and rented a room in the **Dougie** (Douglas Hotel) or other places whenever he grew restless at the **Sally**.

We never should have met. What the fuck was his problem?

xx

It was after I'd dusted Regina off my heels and during my short stay in Calgary, at Moms. where I wrote **Synne is Behovibl**. This style of writing can be seen in other pieces like **The Purple Fire of Divine Love and Affliction**.

It was after I'd composed these pieces that I wrote **The Hight of Punkin Cheri - An Uncommon Girl** and **The Lai of a Dying Cow-Hand's Lamentation**. It was before them that I wrote **The Unde Malum of Citizen Mayffy** - a treatise on the question of death and taxes - and concerning the **Peasants' Revolt**, also called Wat Tyler's Rebellion or the Great Rising, was a major uprising across large parts of England in 1381.

I was still writing sonnets inspired by girls I'd encountered in my daily activities. I believe that I am more in love with falling in love than being in love... perhaps this just means that I've never felt willing to commit. My father had a lot to do with my sexual self and wallflower repression and insecurity - and so did my peers in grade school - the ones who brutalized me every chance they could get for four years whilst I was there-at that gadom **St-Mary's Catholic School**, in Saskatoon. What a fucking nightmare that place was. Those people were all animals.

But that is long ago... another lifetime ago. I have since died and risen again. I am reborn in the flesh.

This is **The Parable of the Gift**. This is what I meant when I wrote that piece for the judge at my mischief and obstruction charge by Yee. I was saying that I was God's chosen one - anointed so to speak - a lamb sprinkled with blood and loosed in the wilderness... I am not simply another nameless nobody... I have a name, an identity and a reason for being here, in Canada, having an ancestral heritage rooted in the origins of Canadian society. In fact, I am part of the taproot. You can't get any more average than me. I'm Citizen Mayffy... just another Joe Blow or Boot Hill or Smegma Tenio.

We are in part who we say we are - this is the character we project... as I am projecting here in this autobiography. We are in part a reflection of that self - this is how others see us - like diamonds having many facets. But the heart of every diamond is as black as the coal it is squeezed from... just as much as nobody ever truly knows us. As said, people tend to infer what you mean when telling them what to say or do and then they therefore do not really say or do what you told them... but what they think you meant instead.

This is a sad fact of life.

We are, furthermore, the potential of our Manifest Destiny. In us is that one great thing that makes us who we are. This is different from who we think we are or what others expect out of us - this is our soul in judgment - and I have been judged.

twice born

• •

*Mayhap I am not truly alive anymore? something of me died there in that alley... those two faggots killed it in me. They left me as one dead - abandoned me to die and be found later accidentally by a passer by. But fuck them! the **Blue Lady** spake unto me and, acting like a man, I responded.*

I survived them two bastards - I survived a night in their jail cell - and I survived three nights comatose in a hospital bed.

Fuck 'em - they can't kill me. I knew all my life that that sad day had to hap. This issue has yet to resolve itself and is still open for consideration - if not by Canadian justice... then by the unwritten and unspoken common tongue of public knowledge. Let the people be aware and let them decide my fate. Am I accursed and damned or not. Is it that simple - to reduce a man to a "Yes" or a "No" vote. Does the moral majority deserve to win? if not, then why does a minority run our government?

We are nothing in the grand scheme of things - mere victims waiting to happen. None of us is so great as to have any purpose of being. Who of us can say that we are truly free - unrestrained and able to do anything we set our minds to. It is one thing to want to try - even more-so if one is able to succeed at one's labouring efforts - but its quite another not so much to fail as to not have the opportunity of trying, especially if like somnambulists sleepwalking we call ourselves awakened because we think that we act - but are not even dreaming. At least in dreams we can pretend for moments that we are free. But moments are passing and fleet.

xxi

*I used the last of my butterfly wings to stain that awful letter I sent to the Victoria City Police about poor little **Michael Dunahee**, who disappeared - in 1991 - when he was four years old and has never been found. **Gam** was a weirdo who could do whatever he wanted whenever he wanted and not worry about consequences. He did a lot of fucked up things and fucked up a lot of other things and was a mistake waiting to happen. Like I told the cop... he'd fuck up a glad day.*

I told the cops - and recently sent a letter informing the poor missing boy's parents about my suspicions that Gam was somehow or other involved with Michael's disappearance - and that someone in a position of power and authority is covering it up. His family is very wealthy - and politically connected all the way up the ladder to the upper rings of society. What the fuck was this guy doing at the Sally Ann in the first place, eh!? if not hiding out or unwelcome anywhere else!?

Be a pity if I were wrong. Be a pity if I am right.

If he'd not tried to expose himself to my nephew and niece when Reec and his family visited in 2010 - shortly after I'd moved back to Victoria from Nanaimo - and was living in Bob's old suite in the house next to the Studio... yup! his family owned that too - one of the chiefest real estates in the city - as well as the Eagle's Nest, another valuable property.

One of the rumours that went around when Michael went missing was that an eagle carried him off. I'm just saying - maybe their was some truth to that rumour.

In closing, I'd like to say that I saw the molds for a sculpture on the corner outside the police station in the Studio. I'm not going to say more on this case now. It too has yet to play out.

It is a private matter - and I'm trusting that you won't rumour.

